The Centre Reporter.

VOL. LXXIII. CENTRE HALL, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1900. NO. 50.

SUPPLEMENT.

Symptoms of Hog Cholera.

Dr. Riter gives some light on hog cholera, which may be of benefit to any one who happens to have the disease in his herd of swine. The symptoms exhibit diversity of types; in some cases its prominent symptom is vomiting, in others diarrhoea, in others costiveness; in some the bowels are regular. In other cases there is an eruption, a discoloration of the skin, but in all cases a dark blue or black coloring of the skin of a gangrenous character occurs, if not before, certainly after death. Like all other epidemics, the cause is obscure. Herbage may have considerable to do with its cause. Hogs kept in a close, dirty pen and hogs kept in a clean yard often escape an attack in neighborhoods where two-thirds of the hogs on grass die. The disease is epidemic, infectious and in the highest degree contagious; the symptoms are different in different localities. The circumstances of several becoming sick at once is perhaps the most reliable feature from which to form an opinion of the disease.

Maj. General Ed. C. Deans and Staff, of Scranton, Commander of the Department of Penna., of the P. M. of the S. G. L. of the U. S., assisted by Gen. J. B. Andrews and Staff, of Altoona, mustered in Canton, Tyrone, No. 42 last Saturday. The exercises lasted from five to ten o'clock, with an intermission of an hour for lunch at six o'clock, which was served at the Central Hotel. The charges and instructions were given by Maj. Davis, of the Staff of Gen. Deans and exemplification of the degree of P. M. was conducted by Gen. Deans and a picked team of Canton, Altoona.

A stone burst in the "bull-dozing" department of Mann's Axe works at Reedsville. Part of the stone struck Harry G. Dell on the back knocking him down. It was first thought he was killed, but his injuries proved of no particular consequence.

JOHN T. LEE,
CARRIAGE AND WAGON BUILDER,
Centre Hall, Pa.

I am especially prepared to do all kinds of work in my line in a most satisfactory manner.

REMODELING

Buggies and Carriages made a specialty ....

Trimming and Painting

done in the best and latest styles.

Wagon work of all kinds solicited. Our experience in wagon building qualifies us to do the best work.

Prices Meet all Competition.

☞ NEW ELLIPTIC SPRING TOP BUGGY, hand-made, spring cushions and back, offered at a sacrifice price.

Special Offer in Photos For Xmas Trade.

With every dozen of our $3.50, $4.00, $5.00 photos, we will give one of our $1.50 Roll Gold Brooches with picture complete.

With every dozen of our regular $2.00 Cabinet Enamel Photos we will give a life-size Platinum Bromide Enlargement.

Miniatures in regular Carbon Finish, 75c per dozen.

A beautiful line of fancy pictures framed, unframed and framed to order. All the latest picture novelties. See our

Display Window

in the Brockerhoff Block.

THE MALLORY-TAYLOR STUDIO,
(Studio over Lyon's Store.)
Bellefonte, - - Penn'a.

F. P. Blair & Co. No. 1, S. Allegheny Street. **F. P. Blair & Co.**

Christmas is ahead, but we're Ahead of Christmas.

CALL and see the pretty things already here, the advance guard of the Christmas provision.

LOOKING AROUND involves no obligation to purchase, Although you can "take time by the forelock" and secure the best things while you can. We will hold them until you want them.

F. P. Blair & Co. No. 1, S. Allegheny Street. **F. P. Blair & Co.**

Reduction Extraordinary

20 Per Cent. Reduction

On all kinds of Clothing for .... Men, ... Youths, .. and Children. .

HOLIDAY GOODS are here.

Montgomery & Co., Clothing, Hats, &c., **BELLEFONTE, PA.**

SECHLER & CO., - - - GROCERS.

We are now receiving daily invoices of New Products in our line. We are well prepared to serve all demands for Thanksgiving and Holiday Trade.

Finest Cream Cheese, Sweet New Ham and Bacon.

Prunes are fine this season. We have some good fruit at 5c per lb., and finest goods at 10c, 12c and 15c.

New crop Florida Oranges 30c, 40c and 50c per doz. White Almerine Grapes, finest pink-tinted stock. Domestic Grapes in baskets. Finest Cranberries, Celery, Sweet Potatoes, Lemons, Bananas, Royal Cheese, Large Cheese, Table Raisins, Nuts and Confectionery.

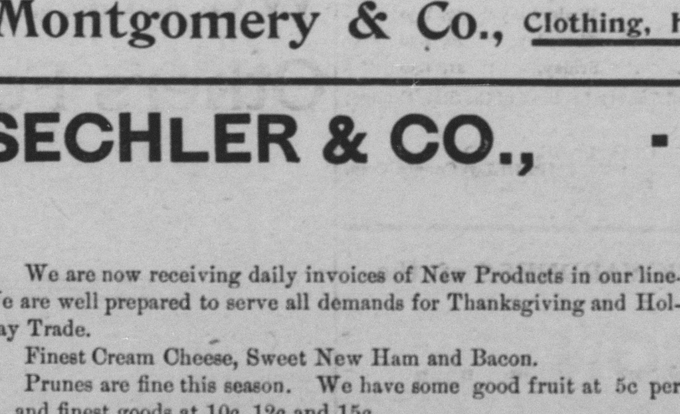
The new pack of Canned Goods are now in store.

MINCE MEAT.—We are now making our Genuine Home Made Mince Meat. All our friends who have used it know just what it is. THE BEST THAT CAN BE MADE, and the price 12 1-2c per pound.

Finest Olives, Table Oil, Pickles, Ketchups, Sauces, Mushrooms, Salmon, Lobsters, Sardines and New No. 1 Mackerel.

We can name only a few of the leading items. Come and shop through our stock. You will find goods to supply all your wants.

Sechler & Co., Bush House Block. **Bellefonte, Pa.**



PENN'S VALLEY HEADQUARTERS FOR HOLIDAY GOODS.

You will find at my store a choice selection of Holiday Goods. To enumerate would be useless, but an examination of them by you will be profitable.

CLOTHING.

We have a very complete line of Clothing. The selections are particularly suitable for our particular trade.

Clothing for Men, Youths and Children. | Clothing for a Laborer, King and Priest.

Also a general line of Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes.

C. P. LONG, - - - Spring Mills, Pa.

Potters' Mills General Merchandise Center is the Bargain Store

We have just received large amounts of
Ginghams, Calicoes, Outings, Flannels, Shirtings, Linings, Percales, best grade & weight.

The latest and most complete lines of
Stationery, Men's Overcoats, Mufflers, Pants and Shirts, Full line of late style Shoes,

Snag Proof Footwear, etc., etc.

We extend an invitation to all to come and examine our goods before buying. It costs nothing to look, and often saves much money.

F. A. CARSON.

A Promising Violinist.

A pretty Chicago girl has enjoyed the honor of playing the violin before his Swedish majesty King Oscar. Miss Ebba Hjerstedt is a mere slip of a girl, and she has only studied for the last

Photo by Harrison, Chicago.
MISS EBBA HJERSTEDT.

six years. She displays a wonderful sense of expression joined to a brilliant technique. The concert at which she played was given by the authorities of Vexie, at which town the king was staying. His majesty, who is no mean musician himself, was much struck by her rendering of certain difficult pieces and complimented her warmly.

Miss Hjerstedt is an earnest student. She graduated last year from the Chicago Musical college and will go to Berlin, where she is to be put under the care of well known German instructors for two years. Her American friends are much elated over her triumph.

D. A. WILSON, B. B. WILSON. T. G. WILSON, W. GROSS MINGLE.

The Howard Creamery Co.

Highest prices paid
For Milk, Eggs, Poultry.

CORRECT WEIGHT, CORRECT CALCULATIONS, CORRECT METHODS.

The Howard Creamery Co.

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS.

Ladies' solid gold rings set with opals, rubies and pearls.
Ladies' lorgnette chains.
Men's gold watch chains.
Gold and silver chain bracelets.
Gold and silver brooches.
Silver thimbles.
Ladies' gold pens.
Pearl pen holders.
Silver coat hangers.
Silver hat markers.
Silver toilet sets.
1847 Roger Bros. silver knives, forks and spoons.
Quadruple silver plated hollowware: Cake baskets, pickle casters, tea sets, napkin rings, etc.

Give us a call and examine our goods before buying elsewhere. The goods are right and the Prices are right.

G. W. BUSHMAN,
JEWELER,
Centre Hall, Pa.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS. Dec. 6.

If we could pin a sample of our 15c Dress Goods to this advertisement, the store would not hold one-half the people.

Holiday Goods.

Store packed jammed full.

French Flannels, S rges and Henriettas

For handsome Shirt Waists.

Holiday Opening

Begins this year Dec. 1st. Don't think of buying until you see us.

GARMAN'S,

Bellefonte, Pa.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Coming and Going.—Visitors in and out of Town.

Gilbert W. Deitzel has returned from Jeanette, Pa., to Tusseyville.

George Michael and wife and Mrs. Nancy Michael reached Bushnell, Ill., Wednesday of last week.

Joseph Lutz is handling farm seeds for George K. Higbie & Co., Rochester, N. Y., and will call on you.

George Ocker is considering the advisability of moving to Lewisburg, and recently went to that place for a few days with that end in view.

Mrs. J. W. Zeigler and sister, Miss Winifred Wolf, of Rebersburg, delighted their Centre Hall friends with a short visit Friday and Saturday last.

Misses Anna and Sarah Breon, Edith and Anna Lutz and George Breon, were a party of young people who spent Sunday at Rock View, with John Benner.

Alment E. Reed, superintendent of the Altoona Division of the Pennsylvania railroad, died in Philadelphia, in the University of Pennsylvania hospital after submitting to an operation.

Mr. Denington, a Sophomore at Pennsylvania State College, was entertained during the Thanksgiving vacation by the Misses Rhone, as was also Miss Nell Woods, of Boalsburg.

Last Saturday John Forster drove up from Aaronsburg to Centre Hall, bringing with him his mother and sister, and Miss Jennie Steans, of Mifflinburg. The party spent the day at the Presbyterian Manse.

Mrs. Geary, wife of David Geary, who lives on the Grossman homestead near the Red Mill, and who has been in delicate health for some time, is seriously thinking of going to a Philadelphia hospital for relief.

Miss Ida Rhoads, who as most of the Reporter readers know is an excellent performer on a variety of musical instruments, and a skilled instructor in music, was called to Philipsburg recently to play the wedding march at a prominent wedding.

Andy Rote, east of Centre Hall, made a hurried call on the Reporter Thursday. Mr. Rote is farming the Jerre Snavely farm, and is a successful farmer. He is not a bit afraid of work and that's the kind of man that makes farming go his way.

C. M. Crider and family, of near Lamar, Clinton county, moved to town Thursday of last week. Mr. Crider is a member of the firm of Orwig & Crider, a lumber firm doing business near Linden Hall, and is an energetic gentleman and will make an excellent citizen.

John Miller, of Bellefonte, formerly of Axemann, made a pleasant call Friday. Mr. Miller is an old reader of the Reporter and dropped in on even date to pay another year's subscription in advance. That's largely the kind of readers the Reporter has.

George B. Stover, of Fiedler, purchased the J. W. Stam properties, situated on Penn street, says the Millheim Journal, which were sold at sheriff sale in Bellefonte last Saturday. Consideration was about $1,800. Mr. Stover will move to Millheim in the spring.

Rev. G. W. Leisher, of Boalsburg, last Sunday installed his son, William Leisher, pastor of the Brookville, Jefferson county charge of the Lutheran church. Rev. Leisher, Jr., is a graduate of the Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg, and also of the Gettysburg Seminary.

Samuel Gilliland, son of station master James C. Gilliland, of Oak Hall, next spring will graduate from the Veterinary Department of the Pennsylvania University, Philadelphia. Mr. Gilliland has been doing considerable work for State Veterinary Surgeon Leonard Pearson.

Ed. Kerlin is home from Pittsburg, for a short vacation.

Miles Arney, student at Pennsylvania State College, spent his Thanksgiving vacation at home.

Wm. O. Dougherty, of Oak Hall Station, recently moved to Pine Hall and will devote his time to the sale of Champion harvesting machines.

The other Sunday dogs chased a deer into the dam at the Red mill. The frightened animal swam about the greater part of the day.

Edward C. Nearhood Tuesday will move to Bellefonte, where he holds a position with the wholesale hardware firm of Potter & Hoy.

Dr. Riter sent a portion of the lungs, etc., of the hog that died for G. W. Glace to Dr. Pearson, at Harrisburg. An examination failed to detect any signs of hog cholera.

Misses Lizzie Young, of Altoona, and Ollie Steel, of Bellefonte, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Dinges, at Boalsburg. Something very complimentary might be said about these young ladies' looks, but the personal column is no place to pass remarks on pretty faces and figures.

Wm. G. Hoffer, wife and baby, of Salina, Kansas, while in the east for a brief stay stopped with friends in Centre Hall this week and called on the Reporter. Mr. Hoffer holds a part interest in a newspaper published in Kansas, and if it cannot be disposed of he will return and take charge himself. If he can sell he will likely locate in Ohio.

Samuel Durst, after finishing his duties as a grand juryman, went to Lock Haven on a visit to his sister, Mrs. John D. McClintic. Mr. Durst thinks the river bottom land between Lock Haven and Jersey Shore would be a pleasure to farm. The crops in that section, however, were no better last season than in Penns Valley.

Frank Moyer, of near Centre Hall, came to the honest conclusion that he had lived long enough in this world without reading the Reporter, and accordingly "laid out" for a year's subscription. Mr. Moyer is one of the lucky "R. A. M." hunters, and was one of the party who ended a deer's career at a distance of fully one hundred yards. He is an old hand at the business.

MILLHEIM.

Miss Mittie Winkleman, of Nittany, and Mrs. Mary Dorman and daughter, of Bellefonte, were visitors at J. H. B. Hartman's over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cantner and their grand-daughter, Rhodie Hoover, left Tuesday morning of last week for an extended visit in West Virginia and Ohio. Mr. Cantner has four sons in the oil fields, whom they want to visit.

Ed. Williams, of Boalsburg, was the guest of his brother-in-law, Prof. Rothrock Saturday and Sunday.

Charles Sheffer, of Muncy, spent Sunday in town.

Mrs. Lizzie Snook and son Stover, of State College, were in town over Thanksgiving.

W. R. Musser and his chum, Mr. Hendricks, students at State College, spent their Thanksgiving vacation in town.

The town council purchased a gasoline arc light for the diamond; it arrived an Friday, was put up and tried, and gives very good satisfaction.

John Rymestine, of Selinsgrove, is visiting his father, George Rymestine, north of town.

Harry Bibighaus, the hustling hardware salesman, was entertained by merchant J. W. Stover Monday.

BRUSH VALLEY.

Butchering was in season last week. H. H. Miller, of Rebersburg, killed two hogs weighing 441 and 401 pounds respectively, thus taking the lead. Thomas walker was second, his hog weighing 421 pounds. There were quite a number of hogs killed in the valley weighing 350 pounds and over.

Harry Fiedler, son of Josiah Fiedler, of Madisonburg, is stricken with typhoid fever.

The protracted meeting at Madisonburg is prospering; they have had some thirty seekers thus far and the meeting is still in progress.

Prof. E. M. Brungart, of Rebersburg, has again returned to his place of teaching at Cross Forks, Potter county, after being confined to bed four weeks with typhoid fever.

Henry Meyer, Jr., who is attending school at Fredericksburg, Lebanon county, was home to spend Thanksgiving and help eat the turkey.

Wallace Brungart is home to spend a few days. Mr. Brungart has learned the art of cooking and has been employed at Sunbury.

J. C. Bierly is erecting buildings on his lots at the west end of town.

The teachers of Miles township are anxiously looking forward to Institute, which they feel confident will be a grand success under the supervison of the worthy superintendent, C. L. Gramley and a corps of such able instructors.

Jackson Limbert, of Madisonburg, is housed up with an attack of gout and nervousness.

The recent rains have swelled the streams, they are bank full.

State Apportionment.

Politicians are figuring out what effect apportionment of the State into Senatorial and legislative districts under the 1900 census will have. According to some calculations Centre county will lose one representative.

It is calculated that the State will gain four representatives.

Winter Schedule.

The winter schedule went into effect on the Pennsylvania railroad Monday. Changes in the time table published elsewhere in the Reporter were made accordingly. There is no change in the time on the L. & T.

LINDEN HALL.

H. C. Gettig, of this place, spent part of last and this week with friends at State College and Oak Hall.

Miss Bessie Searson, one of the charming young ladies of this place, spent Thanksgiving with friends at Centre Hall.

John McPherson and family, of Boalsburg, spent Saturday and Sunday at the home of Mrs. McPherson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lucian Spicher, east of town.

Mr. and Mrs. George Searson spent Friday of last week with friends at Centre Hall.

County Superintendent C. L. Gramley visited the schools in this community Monday of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Brooks and son Lee spent last week with friends at Pine Glenn and returned home Saturday with an abundance of wild game. Pine Glenn seems to be a kind of rendezvous for wild game.

On Friday evening of last week the spacious home of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Tressler was filled with a pleasant party of young people, who had gathered to do honor to the birthday anniversary of their son Robert. All had a pleasant time and did not go home until the "wee small" hours of the morning, well pleased with the evening's entertainment. Mr. Tressler was the recipient of many valuable and handsome presents.

BOALSBURG.

O. W. Stover killed the largest porker in town; it tipped the scale at 582 pounds. Cyrus Durst killed two the combined weight being 880 pounds, and Edward Woomer killed one that weighed 445 pounds. Boalsburg for big hogs.

Prof. J. C. Bryson closed his school Monday noon and took the train for Mifflinburg to transact some very important business; he returned Tuesday morning.

Owing to inclement weather on the evening of the 25th, the Reformed League did not have a Thanksgiving meeting which was to be conducted by Prof. J. C. Bryson, and on the following Sunday evening the League held a special meeting opened by Prof Bryson and closed by Mr. George Meyers. The main audience room was comfortably filled.

The Reformed League on the evening of the 9th will be conducted by Miss Effie Long; the subject is, "How to Listen."

The Reformed Sunday school superintendent appointed the following committee to purchase the Christmas supplies: Wm. Mothersbaugh, Misses Catharine Meyer and Effie Long; the committee will meet some time during the week.

The Presbyterians are holding services every evening during the week and will hold communion Sunday morning.

Wm. Woods returned home from the Westing House works at Pittsburg for a short vacation.

Among the tens of thousands who have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for colds and la grippe during the past few years, to our knowledge, not a single case has resulted in pneumonia. Thos. Whitfield & Co., 240 Wabash avenue, Chicago, one of the most prominent retail druggists in that city, in speaking of this says: "We recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for la grippe in many cases, as it not only gives prompt and complete recovery, but also counteracts any tendency of la grippe to result in pneumonia." For sale by Mrs. J. W. Keller, Linden Hall; J. F. Smith, Centre Hall.

Keep Water and Cold Out!!

from your feet by wearing Felt Combination Boots all winter. No frozen feet. More of them sold every year. We have them from $2.00 to $3.50 per pair, and they are not shoddy either. Try our heavy Children's School Shoes from 75 cts. up.

POWER'S SHOE CO

Bellefonte, - - - Penn'a.

INGLEBY ITEMS.

Fine weather for game hunting.—The Ingleby scribe visited the High Valley scribe during his butchering. The High Valley scribe wants to sell his gray mare.—Dr. Barker is busy doctoring sick horses.—Henry Eisenhuth has four fine hogs to kill this week. Ditto W. Coonsman.—Feed is scarce through here. One man has six head of horses and not enough hay to make a chicken nest.

The Best Plaster.

A piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound to the affected parts is superior to any plaster. When troubled with lame back or pains in the side or chest, give it a trial and you are certain to be more than pleased with the prompt relief which it affords. Pain Balm also cures rheumatism. One application gives relief. For sale by Mrs. J. W. Keller, Linden Hall; J. F. Smith, Centre Hall.

The Centre Reporter one dollar.

Men's Underwear.

Call and examine our fine line of Men's Underwear.

Prices from 45 cts. to $1.00.

Misses' and Ladies' Shoes.

Also a fine line of Misses' and Ladies' Shoes.

Prices from $1.00 to $3.00.

KREAMER & SON.

Here we are again with a complete line of

FALL and WINTER Goods.

All kinds of

PRODUCE

taken in exchange for goods.

H. F. ROSSMAN,

Spring Mills, . . . Pa.

Cash is King.

And we want some of his kingship, for which we will give you excellent values in merchandise.

A nice lot of

Gloves and Mittens

will be sold like this:

85 cents will buy $1.00 Goods.
43 " " " .50 "
22 " " " .25 "

Underwear

85 cents buys $1.00 woolen shirts and drawers.

45 cents buys 50 cent woolen shirts and drawers.

22 cents buys 25 cent woolen shirts and drawers, until the stock is exhausted.

Respectfully,

G. H. Long

KREAMER & SON.

We are agents for the—

Lumberman's Snag-Proof Rubber Shoes.

Excellent line of

Men's Gloves.

Give us a call.

D. Irvin's Sons,

HARDWARE

Foundry Building.

Centre Hall, ... Penn.

A complete line of Hardware will be found in our store at prices that will go far toward making them sell.

Paints, Oils, Brushes, ets., in variety of quality and kinds.

All kinds of nails, Wire Fence material, etc., always on hand.

Builders will find that we carry all hardware needed in the construction of modern dwellings. Come and get estimates.

Farmers will find that we carry a line of hardware that will suit their wants.

D. Irvin's Sons.

"New Rival," "Leader," "Repeater."

WINCHESTER

Factory Loaded Shotgun Shells.

"New Rival" loaded with Black powders. *"Leader"* and *"Repeater"* loaded with Smokeless powders. Insist upon having them, take no others, and you will get the best shells that money can buy.

ALL DEALERS KEEP THEM.

$500 REWARD

We pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we cannot cure with

Liverita, The Up-to-Date Little Liver Pill

They are purely Vegetable and never fail to give satisfaction. 25c boxes contain 100 Pills, 10c boxes contain 40 Pills, 5c boxes contain 15 Pills. Beware of substitutions and imitations. Sent by mail. Stamps taken. Nervita Medical Co., Corner Clinton and Jackson Sts., Chicago, Illinois. Sold by

Sold by J. D. Murray's drug store, Centre Hall

BANKS.

Penn's Valley Banking Company,

CENTRE HALL, PA.

Receives Deposits, Discounts Notes.

W. B. MINGLE, Cashier. aug1y

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Office north of Court House.

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Offices directly opposite the Court House. aug96

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HOTELS.

IRVIN HOUSE, S. Woods Caldwell, Proprietor, LOCK HAVEN, PA.
Terms reasonable. Good sample rooms on first floor. jan92

BUSH HOUSE, W. L. Daggett, Proprietor, BELLEFONTE, PA.
Special attention given to country trade. apr90

NEW GARMAN HOUSE, Opposite Court House, BELLEFONTE, PA.
New building, new furniture throughout, steam heat, electric bells and all modern improvements. Good table and moderate charges.

SPRING MILLS HOTEL, D. H. Ruhl, Proprietor, SPRING MILLS, PA.
Free bus to and from all trains.

NEW BROCKERHOFF HOUSE, BELLEFONTE, PA.
Free bus to and from all trains. Good sample rooms on first floor. Special rates to witnesses and jurors.

CENTRE HALL HOTEL, Wm. H. Runkle, Manager.
Newly equipped, bar and table supplied with the best. Summer boarders receive special attention, and can find no healthier locality. Central for fishing and hunting. may097

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—AND—

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Students assisted to positions when thoroughly qualified.—Rates and supplies lower than other schools of this kind.—Vacation for 1900, Dec. 21st to 31.—Send for our new college catalogue.—Any one contemplating taking any course taught by us would do well to address,

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ONE DAY.

By Margaret E. Sangster.

This is to you like any other day?
Rose dawn, white noon, and evening lit with stars,
And in high heaven a glimpse of golden bars,
Set down for those who shall go home that way.

To me this is a day so set apart
By memory and sorrow that I sit
With eyes that brim at the mere thought of it,
And all the loneliness it brought my heart.

—Harper's Bazar.

The Miser's Son.

BY A. B.

A little, shabby garret room, lighted by a couple of dull panes in the roof and containing just a bed, a box with a jug and a basin on it, another box and a rough shelf in the corner, holding a few books. That was all.

Not quite all, either; the room held something else, for a dark-haired boy of 16 was crouching on the bed, elbows on knees, deep in thought and utterly regardless that the tallow candle, which feebly lighted the room, was sputtering its last in the tin candlestick. The boy was good-looking, with a strong, healthy frame and excellent abilities.

Why, then, did his face wear that downcast, almost dogged, expression?

Every one has his troubles, and Gilbert Shene's was a real one. He is the only, unloved son of a harsh, miserly father. That attic is over the well-stocked shop of "Shene, Ironmonger," in the prosperous country town of Downwater. Shene is one of the richest tradesmen in the place, every one knows, and none better than his son Gilbert.

Gilbert has had a fair education in a commercial school in the town, thanks to the interest taken in him by the clergyman, the doctor and one or two others who have known him all his life; but at the age of 14 his father declared he was not to live in idleness any longer, so he placed him in his own shop to be an errand boy and general drudge, and, instead of permitting him any longer to remain in the small house outside the town where Gilbert had been born and which Shene still occupied, he caused the little garret in the roof to be cleared of the rubbish which had gathered there, and, meager preparations having been made, the boy was desired to consider it his abode.

His meals were prepared for him by the old housekeeper, who lived four stories below him. A less thoughtful boy than Gilbert might have been satisfied with these arrangements, as giving him more liberty than he could have had with his father, but Gilbert was bitterly disappointed. He had hoped to have been allowed to remain at school a few years longer, and then, if he continued to have a taste he had lately shown for his own profession, Dr. Strutt, the busy medical man of Downwater, had promised to help him on in the world.

For Gilbert wanted to be a doctor—not from any foolish desire to rise in the world, but he really liked the work, and found a far deeper interest in studying the movements and adjustment of the human frame than in the joints of iron bedsteads or the construction of tin teakettles.

However, that was at an end, for both Gilbert's friends—Mr. Statham, the clergyman, and Mr. Strutt—had recommended compliance with his father's wishes for the present. He could still study for the medical profession in his leisure hours, and the good doctor promised to keep an eye on him. And such an eye as it was! such a cheerful, twinkling, happy eye, that when it was on him Gilbert could but feel contented.

So Gilbert had lived for two years, working hard, and still, as he said, nothing but a shop boy. Meantime his father had married again—a gay young woman. Gilbert hardly ever saw her, but a year after he used to meet, in his short daily walks, a baby, in a brilliant scarlet cloak, whom the maid once held out to him as his little sister. Gilbert looked carefully at the tiny thing, and would have passed on, but the baby smiled at him and made a plunge at the wayside flower he had gathered; so Gilbert—not a bad fellow at heart—smiled, too, and gave the child the flower. And that was all his acquaintance with his tiny sister, Grace.

The next thing he heard was that his stepmother had sickened and died of a low fever, then prevalent in Downwater. The boy hardly had known her by sight, so he only felt sorry for the motherless child left so early by its best guardian. What affected him much more was the fever which raged everywhere—not that he feared it, but he longed to be able to study it and find out whether it was not possible to stay these visitations by science and skill.

Day by day the dull routine of the shop became more distasteful to him, and his father showed no signs of any intention to meet his son's wishes. So this night that Gilbert was sitting, head on hands, in the wretched little attic which he had occupied without complaining for two years he was maturing a plan.

He could bear his life no longer; he would give it up; write a letter to his father, explaining why he had left, and start this very night for London, where he had a cousin, a young chemist, who, perhaps, would put him in the way of furthering his great wish to be a doctor. He would start alone, unadvised; for to go to Mr. Statham would be to hear the old arguments over again: "Duty to parents," "Honor your father," and Gilbert's heart hardened at the thought. He would have liked a kindly pressure from Dr. Strutt's hand; but that little man would either be at the bedside of some sick sufferer or snatching a few hours of well-earned sleep—so Gilbert put that idea aside, too.

Then he got up, tied his little possessions in a bundle, wrote his letter, crept quietly in the darkness, passed the great rooms filled with gaunt iron beds, tin boxes, chests, baths and such like matter, by which the Shene family had their wealth, and made his way out of the side door into the street. Free at last! But a little pang still crossed Gilbert's heart.

Was he right thus to leave the old man? True, he had shown him little love, but he was his father. Should he wait till to-morrow, meet him face to face, and then once more ask for freedom and permission to follow his own bent?

Gilbert hesitated and walked on a few steps. His guardian angel may have trembled at that moment, but he turned at last. He would not shrink away as if he was ashamed of himself—he would wait till the morrow and leave openly, fairly.

He was too unsettled, however, to go back to bed, and, the moon stealing out, Gilbert gladly followed a fancy which led him out of the town toward his father's house, his birthplace. He would take a look at it now, when no one was about—it might be years before he should see it again. So, still and calm as everything would be, it might calm his troubled heart.

Thus thinking, he sauntered on, till a turn in the road brought him within sight of his old home. And what was it that he saw that startled him out of his thoughts about himself? He saw a glare, a gleam, a burst of dark smoke rising from its walls—the place was on fire.

Gilbert gave a great cry, which roused the dwellers in some dozen houses dotted about, and then he rushed to the door and beat frantically on that and on the closed shutters. Someone, dazed and half stupid, opened to him; then more smoke, more glare—the staircase was impassable.

Gilbert dashed back into the road, with a cry for ladders. He knew there were servants sleeping upstairs.

It was his father he had roused at first, and the old man now leaned, all but stupefied, against a wall near, watching the destruction of his property.

All at once life came back to him, as it were; an expression of terror came over his face; he flew to Gilbert and, seizing him by the arm, pointed to the blazing window.

"My baby! my baby!" he gasped.

Gilbert had forgotten the little one. He shook his father off.

"Which window?" he asked, shortly.

The wretched man pointed to one from which dense clouds of smoke were issuing.

The baby was the darling of his heart—his one treasure. That Gilbert knew, and also that she was to be his heiress; and that the riches of the grim old shop in the market-place were to go to her.

Now, however, she was nothing but the pretty baby who had smiled at him and who was in peril of her life. So he nerved himself for the service of danger, made his way through smoke and flame and came back successful.

"Take care—she is all but suffocated," he said, as he put her in her father's arms.

But stern Jacob Shene handed his treasure to another and fell, fainting, to the ground. They carried him and the baby to a neighbor's house, and next day Dr. Strutt pronounced Shene to be struck with the fever.

Gilbert thought no more of his new plans. At Dr. Strutt's suggestion he sat up nightly with his father, who was violently delirious and required much attention.

Baby Grace went to Mrs. Strutt, who, only having eight of her own, found it easy to make room for another.

In the dark hours of those long nights Gilbert and his father grew to know each other better and to be more tolerant of each other.

When the delirium passed Shene was restless and wretched, and Gilbert did his best to comfort him, reading to him, and, by Dr. Strutt's advice, telling him bits of news to divert his mind.

One day the old man seemed more wretched than usual, and at last he broke into the half request, half-command:

"Gilbert, you won't ever leave me?"

Gilbert waited a moment, then looked at the wan face, pinched and shrunk, and answered:

"Not if you want me, father."

It was a great sacrifice, but Gilbert made it.

The next moment the lad's face flushed with joy, for his father said quietly:

"Then you shall be a doctor; you saved my baby; naught is too good for you. I shan't forget that night."

And Gilbert never forgot that night either. Such a chance as it seemed, his walking toward his old home and so much resting upon it. A moment's further delay and the little one would have been suffocated. It was not chance; it was God's guiding.

After this all went well. Gilbert was altogether released from the shop and allowed to take such steps as should best fit him for a surgeon. His father lived to be proud of him in his new profession, and to glory in the brass plate which announced that Gilbert was a duly qualified assistant of good Dr. Strutt. And when Jacob Shene died, better than all the wealth accruing from that old shop—though Gilbert had that, too—was the charge of the pretty little sister who had been committed to his guardianship by the old man on his deathbed.

"I leave her to you," he said; "you saved her life; after that I can trust her altogether to you."—New York News.

BIG DAMAGES.

The Old Man Was Bound to Have Satisfaction.

A small, wiry, middle-aged man came charging down the road in a high state of excitement. He stopped in front of the Possum Ridge school house, jerked off his hat and coat and threw them down in the road, straightened himself to his full height and shouted:

"Whoop-e-ee! I'm little but I'm pizen, an' I'm achin to chaw somebody up. Do you hear me in thar, you little spindle-shanked gander?"

The young teacher of the school came to the door and looked out.

"Why, Mr. Riley," he said, "is that you?"

"It air. It's all me, an' I'm all here. Whoop-e-ee!"

"What's the matter with you?"

"I'm hungry for blood. Come out here an I'll chaw you up so quick that you won't know what's gone wrong with you. Dodgast you, I'll eat you at one bite."

"Why do you want to chew me up? What harm have I done you?"

"You've gone an' wrecked my darter's life, dadblame you. You've tampered with her affections an' won her heart an' then won't marry her."

"Mr. Riley, I have never made love to your daughter and I have never tampered with her affections."

"You have. You went to meetin' with her three times."

"Well, what does that signify?"

"It signifies you got to take a lickin', marry the gal or pay damages."

"But I never agreed to marry her, Mr. Riley. I never mentioned the subject to her in my life. I never even hinted at such a thing."

"That don't matter. You went with her three times, and after that she naturally 'lowed you meant to marry her."

"Well, I can't marry her, and I am sorry if she is disappointed."

"If you don't marry her, dodgast you, you'll do one of them other two things. You'll pay damages or be chawed up."

"I don't want to fight you, Mr. Riley."

"Don't make no difference what you want. I'm goin' to climb on you, an' when I do I'll make the fur fly. I'm little but I'm pizen, an' when i git my hands on you you'll think a half dozen cyclones have got hold of you. It's either a lickin' or damages."

"I won't pay any damages."

"Then look out fer me, fer I'm goin' to light on you, an' when I git through with you nobody won t know you from a mess of sausage meat. Whoop-e-ee! Here I come."

"Hold on a minute. I don't want to have any trouble with you. Can't we come to an understanding some way?"

"It's either a lickin' or damages."

"How much damages do you want?"

"I want lots of it, I kin tell you that right now. That gal is my own flesh an' blood, an' when I look at her an' see how you've broke her heart an' wrecked her life my dander rises an' my blood biles. Dadblame your onery skin, I ought to lick you, but if you'll put up money enough I'll let you off."

"How much do you demand?"

"Its goin' to take a pile of it, fer, by Grannys, I ain't goin' to show you no mercy."

"Well, how much?"

"I won't take a cent less than two dollars."—Detroit Free Press.

A Case for Scissors.

In a certain village in Kent there lives an old lady known as "Talkative Sal." The parson showed too much linen at his wrist for her liking, so one day, meeting him in a lane, she said:

"Excuse me, parson, but would you mind my cutting about an inch off your waistbands, as I think it very unbecoming to a clerical man."

"Certainly," said the parson, and she took from her pocket a pair of scissors and cut them to her satisfaction.

Having finished, the parson said:

"Now, madame, there is something about you that I should like to see about an inch shorter."

"Then," said the good dame, handing him the scissors, "cut it to your liking."

"Come, then, good woman," said the parson, "put out your tongue."—Spare Moments.

Fireproof Dwellings for Russia.

Mr. Porokhovstchikow, who some time ago published an important work dealing exhaustively with the system to be adopted for the sanitation of St. Petersburg and Moscow, has recently been among the rural population, advising the adoption of incombustible wood for village dwellings. He has built in the environs of Moscow a fireproof "village," which a government official has been sent to report upon. If the result of the experiment proves satisfactory there will be a great future for the fireproof wood in the villages of Russia.

The Philadelphia street railways are to have smoking cars.

For The Ladies.

NOTES OF INTEREST ON NUMEROUS FEMININE TOPICS.

A Favorite Postmistress—When Charles I. was King—Plastrons, Guimpes and Cravats—Economical Dressing—A Crusade Against Corsets—Etc., Etc.

A Favorite Postmistress.

Mrs. T. R. R. Cobb, of Atlanta, has been appointed postmistress of the Georgia House of Representatives. She is the widow of Thomas R. R. Cobb, who was a favorite writer and speaker, and the announcement of her selection was received with loud applause by the members.

When Charles I. was King.

The new gilt spike ornament that finishes the ends of velvet and ribbon ties is the revival of a fashion popular in the time of Charles I., of England. Their introduction this season is traceable to the costume exhibition of all ages at the Paris Exposition. The pretty filigree points instantly attracted notice, and were promptly adopted by fashion.

Plastrons, Guimpes and Cravats.

Plastrons, guimpes and cravats are playing an important part on the dress of the present. Plastrons are waistcoats and should be made by a tailor. They are made in cloth, silk, satin or velvet, either plain or figured, but the most elegant are made of white ribbed silk. They have pretty buttons in front, as close together as it is possible to have them, or simply concealed by a lace jabot.

The guimpe is a chemisette made of lace insertions and fine muslin or soft silk.

Neckscarfs or cravats are made of lace, crape or liberty silk edged with lace. They should be very long, the longer the better. The black silk corselets which are now so much in vogue are whaleboned to enable them to keep their shape. They are becoming to slim figures only.

Economical Dressing.

An economical plan where means are limited is to choose a color for the season and to keep to tones of that one only. For instance, if a blonde chooses navy blue for the winter, she will have her hats, jackets, en-toutcas, dresses and petticoats in harmonizing tones of the same color; also flannel and silk skirts, neckties, waistbands, etc., introducing, perhaps, a contrasting shade, such as old rose, for a smart silk underskirt, a dressy blouse and millinery trimmings. A good scheme for a brunette is a golden or chestnut brown for dresses, coats and hats, with a rich apricot, orange or pomegranate for a contrast in dress linings, underskirts, vests and blouses. Olive green goes well with pale shades of turquoise or sky blue, also with certain shades of peach and yellow, and a purple or dahlia will tone perfectly with dead shades of pink, so that it is possible to get a great deal of variety in a small wardrobe by changing the accessories about. One set of stockings will do for all the different toilets. A smart blouse and toque can be worn with a morning dress to smarten it up on a day when though fine overhead, it is too muddy to put on a very nice skirt, and in this way various economies can be effected, and a smart appearance can be obtained at less expense.—Washington Star.

A Crusade Against Corsets.

Our Paris correspondent writes: Agitation over various matters affecting women is again becoming rife. Mme. Gaches-Sarrante, a lady doctor, is to the fore with a book, in which she ably attacks tight lacing and the modern stays. She calls her counterblast "Le Corset: Etude Physiologique et Pratique," and points out the miseries and the dangers arising from undue compression of the female form by the fashionable breastplate or cuirass, which she is not the first to condemn. Not that Mme. Gaches-Sarrante would have the corset done away with altogether. She approves of it in principle, but maintains that the modern stays should be modified so as not to produce compression and its attendant ills.

Another lady comes forward with more sweeping suggestions as to feminine apparel. She not only insists on the abolition of the corset, but also of tight collars and of clothes that fit like a glove. Women, she contends, must return to the ample and flowing robes of ancient Greece and Rome. In place of the stays she advocates a health belt or "ceinture hygienique," which she deems necessary as a prop or support of the flexible female form. In order to insure the making of a proper girdle of this sort the lady in question urges that the dummies or "mannequins" now used by dressmakers should be done away with and others with normal waists substituted for them. Furthermore, war must be made on modern skirts or petticoats, which are far too long, and not only impede movement, but cause fatigue when they have to be held up on a wet day.—London Telegraph.

The Modern Woman.

An observant writer has this to say with reference to the modern woman:

"How young the well-dressed women of 45 or 50 look, how free from care and responsibility! There is no single detached word in our language large enough to express the complex impression made by these straying matrons of high fashion. The immediate sense of wealth, of habitual self-indulgence, of custom to command the unmistakable expectation of being obsequiously waited upon, which brings a head waiter as surely as a familiar whistle calls a dog—all this is intensely amusing, and to the woman devoid of footman and lady's maid makes an interesting study. Environment has certainly made grand dames of these ladies, without doubt or controversy.

"And the maidens, typical high-class young women of the last of the century, what a strange development they are from the circumstances, the traditions and the opinions of their grandmothers! Straight, athletic, and undisturbed by crowds, or pushing half-discourteous men, how loudly they laugh, how distinctly and freely they talk, of the season, of dress, of the coming wedding, or the last broken engagement! How brown they are especially their hands, brilliant with dazzling rings, and how rough and unkempt their hair! What curious, fanciful clothes they wear, and what wonderful combs and buckles! And if she chances to lunch next a trio of these very independent young girls no elderly woman will fail to be surprised at what they eat, while they laugh and chaff each other like schoolboys and restlessly put up their hands to press uncertain combs into their loose rolls of fluffy hair. They are fine specimens of physical health, with firm shoulders and quite astonishing, muscular arms, but they are not fascinating, nor does the new alert, commanding manner charm."—New York Sun.

Fashion in Furs.

For jackets Persian lamb is the choice of the hour for those who cannot afford the seal, that is confessedly the most beautiful of furs. Persian lamb is like seal in that it is durable, becoming and lends itself to close fitting and graceful lines.

Marten has returned to the place that it occupied years ago in public favor. It is admirably adapted to the high collar and wide rolling revers that give such an air of luxurious comfort to an otherwise simple costume. Sable fox, which is merely fox dyed in imitation of sable, and mink also are greatly liked for scarfs and small neckwear. The proper furs for "half" mourning are chinchilla and ermine.

A fascinating chinchilla blouse is edged and belted with a band of gold and green galon, which appears also as waistbands on the small bishop sleeves. The collar is extremely high, and the revers are so full as to be almost ruffly. The galon enriches the throat, likewise outside the collar, and forms a stock at the front.

A close fitting broadtail coat has an odd arrangement of black cloth appliqued over green velvet and embroidered with green and gold. It forms a modified Spanish girdle effect, with upper edge battlemented. The coat is lined with green satin, which shows in the double revers. Large buttons of onyx are used for the fastening, which is at one side.

A luxurious Newmarket of pulled mink in sharply defined stripes covers the gown completely, and is absolutely simple in its lines. The collar is of the deep shawl pattern, and sleeves are "small bishop," with ruffle effect below the waistband. Such a garment would be grotesque on a small woman, but on a tall, stately figure is superb. A turban of Persian panne in wood brown tones has a brim of mink, and a side pouf of the panne is fastened by a gold buckle.

A novelty in fur coats is an Empire coat of mink, with brown velvet scalloped yoke, deepening at the sides into a bolero effect. The velvet is richly embroidered with different shades of brown and gold colored silks. The sleeves are bell and the muff is bag shaped.

A still more striking novelty is of chinchilla, and is quite indescribable in shape. It suggests a graduated cape with sleeves more than anything else, and the fronts are turned back in huge revers from a vestlike arrangement of ermine. The muff is of a fancy design, in scalloped ruffles, and the black velvet picture hat has a band of chinchilla bordering the crown and the inner edge of the brim, with an ermine head catching the two great ostrich plumes.

The prices of these confections range from $350 to $3,500. Furriers say that the high cost of furs is due largely to the wish of the extremely rich, who would rather pay higher prices than allow their favorite furs to be "vulgarized" by even comparative cheapness. In point of fact, they say, it has been the best season for trapping in ten years, and immense numbers of fine skins have been brought into the market.—New York Tribune.

Shameful Treatment of Children.

An advertisement has appeared in a local paper, in which a lady expresses her desire for a servant who will be expected "to cook and dress children." The four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie are not to be compared with this new dish. "Children dressed a la mode" will now have a new significance in the fashion papers.—London Globe

NOTES AND COMMENTS

The man who wrote Modern Women Are Declining possibly had his own reasons for saying so.

The only cloud on the horizon is the possibility of a resumption of the twentieth-century debate.

The Gould family has the reputation of being shrewd. But Boni de Castellane has proved to be a mighty poor investment.

A church choir quarreled and refused to go to church in Kansas, whereupon the congregation arose and sang "Praise God, From Whom All Blessings Flow."

The school board of Deadwood, S. D., has adopted a new system in regard to the books used by pupils, who will now be required to pay a small rental fee for the use of such volumes as they require.

The Figaro states that a recrudescence of Royalism in Paris is imminent. It might be dangerous if there were any Pretender worth while. But fortunately for the Republic there isn't.

In no country in the world are infectious diseases so frequently mortal as in Russia. Children especially suffer, and diphtheria, measles, scarlatina and smallpox literally decimate villages and country towns.

Efforts are being made to abolish what is called "the free zone," a strip of territory sixty miles wide on the Mexican border, into which foreign goods are admitted at much less than the usual duty.

The progress of the century is illustrated by the fact that New Zealand on January 1 will put in operation universal penny postage, placing that once savage country in this respect in the forefront of civilized nations.

In Brazil, public schools are under the control of a board of men similar to American school trustees and an affiliated board of women, who have supervision over the health and morals of teachers and pupils.

While brutal crimes occur more frequently in some parts of the country than in others, there is no State in the Union that is wholly free from them. Lynching, whether North or South, does not reduce the number of them.

It is said that the telephone has almost entirely dissipated the friendly habit of borrowing tea, coffee, baking powder, etc., that has so long existed between neighboring families. Instead of calling on the neighbor, the grocer is called up.

Most royal marriages are unhappy. But that is expected. So it is unusual for the fact to become anything more than a matter of common report. Hence the "separation" agreed on between a granddaughter of Queen Victoria and her husband is peculiar.

Five years ago an Ohio nurseryman sold a bill of fruit trees to a farmer in West Virginia who would never pay for them. This year the trees bore fruit bountifully. The nurseryman attached the fruit on the trees and got his pay.

Since the Alvord embezzlement a Milwaukee bank has introduced the innovation of locking the tellers and other employes who handle money in their cages until after banking hours. If it will now put a ball and chain on some of its officers its funds may be reasonably safe.

New Jersey is not only one of the greatest mosquito producing States of the Union, but she also possesses the most extensive hothouses in the world, devoted to the cultivation of orchids. Between mosquitoes, orchids and octopuses New Jersey is hard to get away with.

The American florist has done much to perfect the sweet pea, but it is to the English florist that the world is indebted for this dainty and exquisitely sweet flower. It is native to Sicily, but the English and American article is so much superior to the original that the Sicilian would hardly be able to recognize it.

The evil effects of the cocaine habit are becoming more obvious, week by week. Recently there came a statement from the State reformatory at Jeffersonville, Ind., that 75 per cent. of the negroes received there have been addicted to the habit, and that the crimes for which they were convicted were the result of that habit.

A prominent manufacturer of artificial limbs says: "By looking over books which comprise the history of many thousand cripples we arrive at the conclusion that dismemberment plays no part whatever in shortening life." These records go back to 1853, since which time but 25 per cent. of his patrons have died. Amputations seem rather to enhance vitality and make the life of the subject longer and freer from disease.

Deceive!

Mabel—I must say that for absolute untrustworthiness there's nothing like a man.

Kate—Why, what makes you say that?

Mabel—Well, you remember when I rejected Mr. Bullfinch about three weeks ago?

Kate—Yes.

Mabel—Well, he said he should certainly pine away and die, and I should be his murderess. Well, I just met him in the street walking with another girl, and actually I believe the fellow has gained twenty pounds in weight.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A New York pawnbroker asserts that his business always improves just before a presidential election, owing to the fact that many so-called "sports" pledge their personal effects toward the close of the campaign in order to raise money to bet on the result.

Sweat and fruit acids will not discolor goods dyed with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES. Sold by all druggists.

The London Daily Mail says that the days of the banjo are numbered in England, and that that instrument will soon be included in the same category with the mouth organ and the accordion. The zither will probably be the favorite instrument during the coming Winter.

Good Position.

Trustworthy men wanted to travel. Experience not absolutely necessary. For particulars, address Peerless Tob. Wks., Bedford City, Va.

The potato, hitherto grown as a tuber under ground, is now being produced like fruit from the stem of the plant. The flavor of these potatoes is excellent.

The Best Prescription for Chills

and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

China has not yet learned to its full extent the use of the check and the bank of deposit, the money order or the bank draft in her mercantile transactions.

You're Gambling!

It's too risky, this gambling with your cough. You take the chance of its wearing off. Don't!

The first thing you know it will be down deep in your lungs and the game's lost. Take some of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and stop the gambling and the cough.

"I was given up to die with quick consumption. I ran down from 138 to 98 pounds. I raised blood, and never expected to get off my bed alive. I then read of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and began its use. I commenced to improve at once. I am now back to my old weight and in the best of health."—CHAS. E. HARTMAN, Gibbstown, N. Y., March 3, 1899.

You can now get Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in a 25 cent size, just right for an ordinary cold. The 50 cent size is better for bronchitis, croup, whooping-cough, asthma, and the grip. The dollar size is best to keep on hand, and is most economical for long-standing cases.

LIBBY'S EXTRACT of BEEF

Made without regard to economy. We use the best beef, get all the essence from it, and concentrate it to the uttermost.

In an ounce of our extract there is all the nutrition of many pounds of beef. To get more nutriment to the ounce is impossible. Few extracts have as much.

Our booklet, "How to Make Good Things to Eat," tells many ways to use beef extract. It gives recipes for luncheS and the chafing dish. Send your address for it.

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY
Chicago

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: Lack of Patience—Faith, Hope and Charity Bloom in Many Hearts Where the Grace of Patience Is Wanting—Pity Rather Than Condemn the Erring.

[Copyright 1901.]

WASHINGTON, D. C.—This discourse of Dr. Talmage is a full length portrait of a virtue which all admire, and the lessons taught are very helpful; text, Hebrews x, 36, "Ye have need of patience."

Yes, we are in awful need of it. Some of us have a little of it, and some of us have none at all. There is less of this grace in the world than of almost any other. Faith, hope and charity are all abloom in hundreds of souls where you find one specimen of patience. Paul, the author of the text, on a conspicuous occasion lost his patience with a coworker, and from the way he urges this virtue upon the Hebrews, upon the Corinthians, upon the Thessalonians, upon the Romans, upon the Colossians, upon the young theological student, Timothy, I conclude he was speaking out of his own need of more of this excellence. And I only wonder that Paul had any nerves left. Imprisonment, flagellation, Mediterranean cyclone, arrest for treason and conspiracy, the wear and tear of preaching to angry mobs, those at the door of a theatre and those on the rocks of Mars hill, left him emaciated and invalid and with a broken voice and sore eyes and nerves a-jangle. He gives us a snap shot of himself when he describes his appearance and his sermonic delivery by saying, "In bodily presence weak and in speech contemptible," and refers to his inflamed eyelids when, speaking of the ardent friendship of the Galatians, he says, "If it had been possible, ye would have plucked out your own eyes and have given them to me."

We all admire most that which we have least of. Those of us with unimpressive visage most admire beauty; those of us with discordant voice most extol musical cadence; those of us with stammering speech most wonder at eloquence; those of us who get provoked at trifles and are naturally irascible appreciate in others the equopoise and the calm endurance of patience. So Paul, with hands tremulous with the agitations of a lifetime, writes of the "God of patience" and of "ministers of God in much patience" and of "patience of hope" and tells them to "follow after patience," and wants them to "run with patience," and speaks of those "strengthened with all might to all patience," and looks us all full in the face as he makes the startling charge, "Ye have need of patience."

The recording angel, making a pen out of some plume of a bird of paradise, is not getting ready to write opposite your name anything applaudatory. All your sublime equilibrium of temperament is the result of worldly success. But suppose things mightily change with you, as they sometimes do change. You begin to go down hill, and it is amazing how many there are to help you down when you begin to go in that direction. A great investment fails. The Colorado silver mine ceases to yield. You get land poor; your mills, that yielded marvels of wealth, are eclipsed by mills with newly invented machinery; you get under the feet of the bears of Wall street. For the first time in your life you need to borrow money, and no one is willing to lend. Under the harrowing worriment you get a distressful feeling at the base of your brain. Insomnia and nervous dyspepsia lay hold of you. Your health goes down with your fortune; your circle of acquaintances narrows, and where once you were oppressed by the fact that you had not time enough to return one-half of the social calls made upon you now the card basket in your hallway is empty, and your chief callers are your creditors and the family physician, who comes to learn the effect of the last prescription. Now you understand how people can become pessimistic and cynical and despairful. You have reached that stage yourself. Now you need something that you have not. But I know of a re-enforcement that you can have if you will accept it. Yonder comes up the road or the sidewalk a messenger of God. Her attire is unpretending. She has no wings, for she is not an angel, but there is something in her countenance that implies rescue and deliverance. She comes up the steps that once were populous with the affluent and into the hallway where the tapestry is getting faded and frayed, the place now all empty of worldly admirers. I will tell you her name if you would like to know it. Paul baptized her and gave her the right name. She is not brilliant, but strong. There is a deep quiethood in her manner and a firmness in her tread, and in her hand is a scroll revealing her mission. She comes from heaven. She was born in the throne room of the King. This is Patience. "Ye have need of patience."

First, patience with the faults of others. No one keeps the Ten Commandments equally well. One's temperament decides which commandments he shall come nearest to keeping. If we break some of the commandments ourselves, why be so hard on those who break others of the ten? If you and I run against one verse of the twentieth chapter of Exodus, why should we so severely excoriate those who run against another verse of the same chapter? Until we are perfect ourselves we ought to be lenient with our neighbor's imperfections. Yet it is often the case that the man most vulnerable is the most hypercritical. Perhaps he is profane and yet has no tolerance for theft, when profanity is worse than theft, for, while the latter is robbery of a man, the former is robbery of God. Perhaps he is given to defamation and detraction and yet feels himself better than some one who is guilty of manslaughter, not realizing that the assassination of character is the worst kind of assassination. The laver for washing in the ancient tabernacle was at its side burnished like a looking glass, so that those that approached that laver might see their need of washing, and if by the gospel looking glass we discovered our own need of moral cleansing we would be more economic of denunciation. The most of those who go wrong are the victims of circumstances, and if you and I had been rocked in the same iniquitous cradle, and been all our lives surrounded by the same baleful influences we would probably have done just as badly, perhaps worse.

We also have need of patience with slow results of Christian work. We want to see our attempts to do good immediately successful. The world is improving, but improving at so deliberate a rate; why not more rapidity and momentum? Other wheels turn so swiftly; why not the gospel chariot take electric speed? I do not know. I only know that it is God's way. We whose cradle and grave are so near together have to hurry up, but God, who manages this world and the universe, is from everlasting to everlasting. He takes 500 years to do that which He could do in five minutes. His clock strikes once in a thousand years. While God took only a week to fit up the world for human residence, geogolgy reveals that the foundations of the world were eons in being laid, and God watched the glaciers, and the fire, and the earthquakes, and the volcanoes as through centuries and millenniums they were shaping the world before that last week that put on the arborescence. A few days ago my friend was talking with a geologist. As they stood near a pile of rocks my friend said to the scientist, "I suppose these rocks were hundreds of thousands of years in construction?" And the geologist replied, "Yes, and you might say millions of years, for no one knows but the Lord, and He won't tell."

If it took so long to make this world at the start, be not surprised if it takes a long while to make it over again now that it has been ruined.

The Architect has promised to reconstruct it, and the plans are all made, and at just the right time it will be so complete that it will be fit for heaven to move in, if, according to the belief of some of my friends, this world is to be made the eternal abode of the righteous.

The wall of that temple is going up, and my only anxiety is to have the one brick that I am trying to make for that wall turn out to be the right shape and smooth on all sides, so that the Master Mason will not reject it, or have much work with the trowel to get it into place. I am responsible for only that one brick, though you may be responsible for a panel of the door or a carved pillar or a glittering dome.

So we are God's workmen, and all we have to do is to manage our own hammer or ax or trowel until the night comes in which no man can work, and when the work is all completed we will have a right to say rejoicingly: "Thank God, I was privileged to help in the rearing of that temple! I had a part in the work of the world's redemption."

Again, we have need of patience under wrong inflicted, and who escapes it in some form? It comes to all people in professional life in the shape of being misunderstood. Because of this, how many people fly to newspapers for an explanation. You see their card signed by their own name declaring they did not say this or did not do that. They fluster and worry, not realizing that every man comes to be taken for what he is worth, and you cannot, by any newspaper puff, be taken for more than you are worth nor by any newspaper depreciation be put down. There is a spirit of fairness abroad in the world, and if you are a public man you are classified among the friends or foes of society. If you are a friend of society, you will find plenty of adherents, and if you are the foe of society you cannot escape reprehension. Paul, you were right when you said, not more to the Hebrews than to us, "Ye have need of patience." I adopted a rule years ago which has been of great service to me, and it may be of some service to you: Cheerfully consent to be misunderstood. God knows whether we are right or wrong, whether we are trying to serve Him or damage His cause. When you can cheerfully consent to be misunderstood, many of the annoyances and vexations of life will quit your heart, and you will come into calmer seas than you have ever sailed on. The most misunderstood being that ever trod the earth was the glorious Christ. The world misunderstood His cradle and concluded that one so poorly born could never be of much importance. They charged Him with inebriety and called Him a winebibber. The sanhedrin misunderstood Him, and when it was put to the vote whether He was guilty or not of treason He got but one vote, while all the others voted "Aye, aye." They misunderstood His cross, and concluded that if He had divine power He would effect His own rescue. They misunderstood His grave, and declared that His body had been stolen by infamous resurrectionists. He so fully consented to be misunderstood that, harried and slapped and submerged with scorn, He answered not a word. You cannot come up to that, but you can imitate in some small degree the patience of Christ.

There are enough present woes in the world without the perpetual commemoration of past miseries. If you sing in your home or your church, do not always choose tunes in long meter. Far better to have your patience augmented by the consideration that the misfortunes of this life must soon terminate.

This last summer I stood on Sparrow hill, four miles from Moscow. It was the place where Napoleon stood and looked upon the city which he was about to capture. His army had been in long marches and awful fights and fearful exhaustions, and when they came to Sparrow hill the shout went up from tens of thousands of voices, "Moscow, Moscow!" I do not wonder at the transport. A ridge of hills sweeps round the city. A river semicircles it with brilliance. It is a spectacle that you place in your memory as one of three or four most beautiful scenes in all the earth. Napoleon's army marched on it in four divisions, four overwhelming torrents of valor and pomp, down Sparrow hill and through the beautiful valley and across the bridges and into the palaces, which surrendered without one shot of resistance because the avalanche of troops was irresistible. There is the room in which Napoleon slept, and his pillow, which must have been very uneasy, for, oh, how short his stay! Fires kindled in all parts of the city simultaneously drove out that army into the snowstorms under which 95,000 men perished. How soon did triumphal march turn into horrible demolition!

To-day while I speak we come on a high hill, a glorious hill of Christian anticipation. These hosts of God have had a long march and fearful battles and defeats have again and again mingled with the victories, but to-day we come in sight of the great city, the capital of the universe, the residence of the King and the home of those who are to reign with Him for ever and ever. Look at the towers and hear them ring with eternal jubilee.

Look at the house of many mansions, where many of our loved ones are. Behold the streets of burnished gold and hear the rumble of the chariots of those who are more than conquerors. So far from being driven back, all the twelve gates are wide open for our entrance. We are marching on and marching on, and our every step brings us nearer to the city.

At what hour we shall enter we have no power to foretell, but once enlisted amid the blood washed host our entrance is certain. It may be in the bright noonday or the dark midnight. It may be when the air is laden with springtime fragrance or chilled with falling snows. But enter we must and enter we will through the grace offered us as the chief of sinners. Higher hills than any I have spoken of will guard that city. More radiant waters than I saw in the Roman valley will pour through that great metropolis. No raging conflagration shall drive us forth, for the only fires kindled in that city will be the fires of a splendor that shall ever hoist and never die. Reaching that shining gate, there will be a parting, but no tears at the parting. There will be an eternal farewell, but no sadness in the utterance. Then and there we will part with one of the best friends we ever had. No place for her in heaven, for she needs no heaven. While love and joy and other graces enter heaven, she will stay out. Patience, beautiful Patience, long-suffering Patience, will at that gate say: "Good-bye. I helped you in the battle of life, but now that you have gained the triumph you need me no more. I bound up your wounds, but now they are all healed. I soothed your bereavements, but you pass now into the reunions of heaven. I can do no more for you, and there is nothing for me to do in a city where there are no burdens to carry. Good-bye. I go back into the world from which you came up to resume my tour among the hospitals and sick rooms and bereft households and almshouses. The cry of the world's sorrow reaches my ears, and I must descend. Up and down that poor suffering world I will go to assuage and comfort and sustain until the world itself expires and on all its mountains and in all its valleys and on all its plains there is not one soul left that has need of patience."

THE KEYSTONE STATE.

Latest News Happenings Gleaned From Various Parts.

STUDENT MAY DIE FROM HAZING.

Twins Found in a Bare Room--An Italian Jumps Into a Vat Filled with Tanning Liquid --Owed $2,891,093; His Assets $25--Farmer Mercer Puts the Contents of a Rifle Into His Head--Jacob Schroll Hanged Himself.

Arndt K. Housekeeper, of Narberth, was discharged as a voluntary bankrupt in the United States District Court, with liabilities of $2,891,093.43 and assets $25. It was staaed that thirteen years ago, when Housekeeper was 22 years of age, some friends induced him to go on their bond in a gigantic real estate operation. This involved the erection of 800 houses in Philadelphia and nearby cities. After awhile matters changed so that the burden of the mortgages, nearly $3,000,000, fell on his shoulders. The holders of the mortgages began proceedings against him. He was in the drug business, but had to give up, and afterward became a drug clerk.

Oscar L. Booz, a young man 21 years of age, lies at the point of death at his home in Bristol. About a year ago young Booz was appointed by Congressman Wanger to the West Point Military Academy, and the parents declared that the hazing administered at that time was of such an atrocious nature that death to their son may result. After the hazing Congressman Wanger's appointee was left in such a physical condition that he had to resign his cadetship. It is alleged that tobasco sauce was poured down Booz's throat, red pepper was thrown in his eyes, hot grease poured on his bare feet, a tooth knocked out and fiendish operations generally indulged in.

James Dougherty was killed near Gordonville while carelessly handling a shotgun. Dougherty was one of a party of nomads, consisting of three men, three women and a number of children, who have been living in gipsy fashion during the summer. The pack of dogs had stirred up several rabbits when Dougherty reached for his gun in a wagon. He grasped it by the barrel, the muzzle almost touching his chest. The trigger caught and the contents of the gun were emptied into his breast above the heart, making a frightful wound. He died in a short time.

John Ronmiano, an Italian, who was employed in the tannery at Stocksdale, gave his own life to save that of a friend. The latter, while at work with Ronmiano, fell into a vat containing tanning liquid. In an instant Ronmiano had jumped in after him, and after a desperate struggle succeeded in pulling the almost exhausted man from the vat. In the struggle, Ronmiano was forced under the liquid, a portion of which he swallowed and caused his death.

A pitiful case of destitution was brought to light in South Bethlehem. Huddled together on the floor on a pile of dirty rags, shivering from cold and almost dead for want of food, women neighbors found Mrs. William Singer and her twin babes, in a bare and cheerless room in a house at the east end of the town. The poor authorities were notified and prompt assistance placed the woman and babes in a comfortable condition. Much indignation is expressed against the husband in the community.

Leonard and Mary Soller, after 50 years of happy married life, are dead, at their home in Altoona, their death occurring within half an hour of each other. They had often expressed the hope that they would be together in death, as they had been in life. Mr. Soller was seized with a cramp and died in his wife's arms. "Now, let me go, too," prayed the old lady, as she was led to her bed. Praying, she died. The doctors say the shock killed her. The couple will be buried side by side.

Jacob Schroll, who lived in Manchester township, committed suicide by hanging himself with a halter strap from the limb of a young sapling. He was cut down as soon as discovered, but life was extinct. The spot where he hanged himself is only about 290 yards from where his neighbor, Fred Bahn, committed suicide several months ago, also by hanging.

Among the charters issued at the State Department were the following: The Sandy Lake Water Works, Sandy Lake, Mercer county; capital, $10,000. The Shenandoah Ice Company, Shenandoah; capital, $25,000. The New Brighton Steel Company, New Brighton, Beaver county; capital, $15,000. The B. S. Janney, Jr. & Co., Inc., Philadelphia; capital, $100,000.

Governor Stone respited George Ward, the Washington county murderer, from December 4 to January 9, 1901. The date for the execution of James Jones, of the same county, was fixed for January 9, and at the request of the county officials Ward was respited until the latter date that both might be hanged on the same day.

Stephen Mercer, a prominent and wealthy farmer of Collier township, committed suicide by shooting himself in the head with an old muzzle-loading rifle. No reason is assigned for the suicide. The family once before caught him with the rifle while he was making preparation to kill himself.

At Greatbend, Susquehanna county, 100 carloads of tan bark, the property of the American Hide and Leather Company, was destroyed by fire, together with the building containing it. The fire is believed to have been of incendiary origin.

Frank M. Weilbacher, proprietor of a silk mill in Allentown, made an assignment for the benefit of his creditors to Isaac H. Hall, of Paterson, N. J.

The jury in the case of John Keenan, charged with manslaughter, decided at Bellefonte, after half an hour's deliberation, that the killing of Annie Hobbins by him last September, on an island in Moshannon Creek, was purely accidental. Keenan was at once discharged.

Lewis P. Worthington, former cashier of the Doylestown National Bank, is dead, aged 68 years. Mr. Worthington had been associated with the bank for forty-three years. Last September he resigned the office on account of ill health.

"Oh! Dear I'm so Tired."

The ordinary every-day life of most of our women is a ceaseless treadmill of work.

How much harder the daily tasks become when some derangement of the female organs makes every movement painful and keeps the nervous system all unstrung!

One day she is wretched and utterly miserable; in a day or two she is better and laughs at her fears, thinking there is nothing much the matter after all; but before night the deadly backache reappears, the limbs tremble, the lips twitch—it seems as though all the imps of Satan were clutching her vitals; she goes to pieces and is flat on her back.

No woman ought to arrive at this terrible state of misery, because these symptoms are a sure forerunner of womb troubles. She must remember that **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** is almost an infallible cure for all female ills, such as irregularity of periods, which cause weak stomach, sick headache, etc., displacements and inflammation of the womb, or any of the multitudes of illnesses which beset the female organism.

Mrs. Gooden wrote to Mrs. Pinkham when she was in great trouble. Her letter tells the result.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I am very grateful to you for your kindness and the interest you have taken in me, and truly believe that your medicines and advice are worth more to a woman than all the doctors in the world. My troubles began with inflammation and hemorrhages from the kidneys, then inflammation, congestion and falling of the womb, and inflammation of the ovaries. I underwent local treatment every day for some time; then, after nearly two months, the doctor gave me permission to go back to work. I went back, but in less than a week was compelled to give up and go to bed. On breaking down the second time, I decided to let doctors and medicines alone and try your remedies. Before the first bottle was gone I felt the effects of it. Three bottles of **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** and a package of Sanative Wash did me more good than all the doctors' treatments and medicine. I have gained twelve pounds during the last two months and am better in every way. Thanking you for your kind advice and attention, I remain. Yours gratefully,

"MRS. E. J. GOODEN, Ackley, Iowa."

$5000 REWARD Owing to the fact that some skeptical people have from time to time questioned the genuineness of the testimonial letters we are constantly publishing, we have deposited with the National City Bank, of Lynn, Mass., $5,000, which will be paid to any person who will show that the above testimonial is not genuine, or was published before obtaining the writer's special permission.—LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO.

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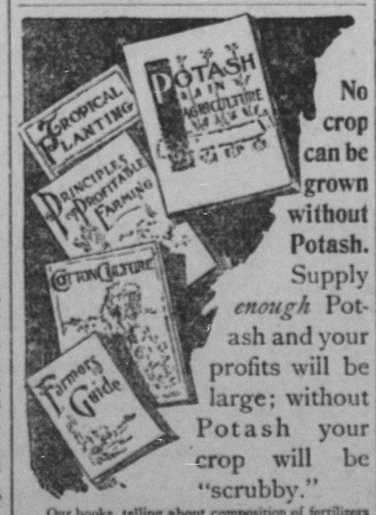

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Mail this certificate with $1.00 (not stamps) to Century Mfg. Co., New Cumberland, W. Va. We will mail you 4 certificates—sell the 4 certificates at 25c. each, getting your $1.00 back. When the 4 certificates you sell are returned to us accompanied by $1.00 each, we will mail to each of those sending the dollar 4 certificates to sell, and ship to you by freight one of our Decorated Tea or Toilet Sets worth $5.00. Thousands are getting these sets, why not you? Write your name and address plain. Century Mfg. Co., New Cumberland, W. Va.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., Thurs., Dec. 6.

LOOK!

Look at things carefully from all points. Don't be narrow in your mind. Look at the inside, the outside, the bottom, the top.

You are not obliged to believe everything you hear or read. But don't shut yourself up within the limits of your own experience, and imagine the world and shoes are the same as they were when you were a boy.

Shoes—and the world, too, we believe—are better now than ever before. If you doubt this, you've probably been wearing the wrong kind of shoes and had your souls cramped.

This is intended for the few who have not been buying "Mingle's."

MINGLE'S SHOE STORE,

Bellefonte.

CHURCH APPOINTMENTS.

Lutheran. Centre Hall, 10 a. m.; Spring Mills, 2 p. m.; Tusseyville, 7 p. m.

Reformed. Centre Hall, 7 p. m.; Union, 2 p. m.; Spring Mills, 10.30 p. m.

Presbyterian. Centre Hall, 10.30 a. m.; Pine Stump, 3 p. m.

Truck Wagon for Sale.

Ed. C. Nearhood at his sale Saturday will sell a splendid truck wagon.

Third Supplement.

The third supplement appears with this issue of the Reporter. Read it over carefully.

Cattle to Sell.

A number of farmers about Centre Hall have young cattle to sell. Buyers will do well to call on them.

More Big Hogs.

William Colyer Tuesday killed two hogs weighing 504 pounds and 526 pounds respectively. J. M. Alters also killed two porkers, weighing together 833 pounds.

Clean Linen.

Nothing is more suggestive of the gentleman than clean linen. Give your shirts, cuffs and collars to Wm. McCoy Wolf and have them laundered at the Bellefonte Steam Laundry.

Centre Hall Fire Co. Meeting.

The Centre Hall fire company will hold a meeting in the Bank building Tuesday evening, December 11, at which time it is desired that all members be present for the purpose of electing officers.

Repairing Lutheran Parsonage.

The addition to the Lutheran parsonage is under roof and nearing completion. The repairs under way were very necessary and when completed will add greatly to the comfort of the pastor, Rev. J. M. Rearick.

A. P. Luse & Son Enlarging.

A. P. Luse & Son are at present erecting a large new building in connection with their planing mill. The Luses are continually enlarging and adding machinery, and are now better equipped than heretofore to do all kinds of work in their line. They are progressive and up to date in their business.

Sale Season.

The public sale season is opening, and the Reporter wishes to say to any one contemplating holding sale next spring that this office is thoroughly equipped to do work of that kind. A fine stock of paper has been secured, new fonts of type will be added to that department. Secure your dates while they are at your command.

Supt. Schaeffer Interprets the Law.

Superintendent of Public Instruction N. C. Shaeffer, citing as authority several court decisions, announces: First, that books cannot be changed while the schools are in session. Second, that it is not allowable to purchase books not legally adopted. Third, that books cannot be legally bought unless they have been legally adopted within the time set by law.

Coughed Up a Spring.

Mrs. H. T. Smith, of Hughesville, who about six weeks ago coughed up a portion of a buckle which she had swallowed five years ago, was Monday further relieved, when she raised another portion of the same buckle in the shape of a small brass spring about one-half inch long and one-eighth of an inch in diameter, with two small prongs at each end.

Rich Man's Good Sense.

Alexander Jackson, of Camden, Delaware, who has reached the ripe age of seventy-four years and honestly accumulated over $200,000, is making distribution of his property during his lifetime, having given over $50,000 to deserving persons in moderate circumstances. Mr. Jackson has no direct heirs, and it is his wish to see his property distributed where he dictates and not leave it for an executor and lawyers to misappropriate.

THREE DWELLINGS FOR BOALSBURG.

Oscar Stover Will Open a Place of Business.—The Schools.

William Brouse broke ground last week for a new dwelling in Boalsburg, having purchased a lot from the Kaups. Mr. Brouse is employed with the Linden Hall lumber company, who furnish employment for a number of men living in that town.

Another young man who expects to erect a dwelling in the same place is Ira Rishel, a woodworker in the carriage and wagon shops of John M. Wieland. And still another is Samuel Wagner, son-in-law of Cyrus Durst, of Altoona. Mr. Wagner has been employed in the repair shops of the Pennsylvania railroad company for some time, but it is stated he will erect for himself a dwelling and make Boalsburg his home.

A new business place to be opened between this and spring in Boalsburg is an implement store of which Oscar Stover will be proprietor. Mr. Stover for some years has handled a large amount of farm machinery of all descriptions. His business in this line has become of such dimensions that he has concluded to open a permanent place of business, but he has not yet definitely decided whether he will build a store room or lease.

The public schools of Boalsburg are in excellent condition. The corps of instructors, unequaled in the past, is comprised of Prof. J. C. Bryson, principal, R. B. Harrison and Miss Gertrude Wieland. Besides the selection of able teachers, the school board takes a common sense view of educational matters and school regulations, which enables pupils from all parts of Harris township to attend the high school and receive the benefits of the higher branches taught there.

MAY CHANGE HANDS.

The Centre Hall Hotel is to be Sold to J. W. Runkle.

J. W. Runkle, of Middleburg, will likely become the proprietor of the Centre Hall hotel. He and the present owner, Wm. H. Runkle, Jr., for the past few weeks have been getting nearer together on terms, and the likelihood is that they will finally make a deal.

Landlord Runkle this morning, Thursday, went to Baltimore. His mission is to look for a suitable location for himself if he should sell the hotel property here.

HUNTERS DINE AT CENTRE HALL.

Seven Hunters Enroute from Bear Meadows to Sugar Valley Rest Here.

A party of seven hunters stopped at the Centre Hall hotel for dinner Friday on their way from the Bear Meadows to a cabin three miles north of Madisonburg, where they will spend a week looking for birds. The party consisted of M. E. Stroup, Elizabethville; H. C. Lenker, Millersburg; W. A. Hoffman, Millersburg; H. E. Rhymestine, Selinsgrove; George Springer, C. H. Morris, and Harry Fisher, Millheim. They had with them several fine bird dogs and splendid hunting equipments.

Married in Philadelphia

David Ruhl, of Buffalo Cross Roads, Union county, and Miss Caroline Emerick, of this place, were married Thursday of last week in Philadelphia. Miss Emerick's mission east was not generally known until her return on Monday when she was a bride. Mr. Ruhl is a gentleman of considerable wealth. He was president of the Lewisburg Driving Park Association for a number of years, his time having expired two years ago. The bride is well known here and is a daughter of Wm. Emerick, deceased, of this place.

Diamond Ring in a Hog's Stomach.

A woman's gold ring set with a valuable diamond was found in the stomach of a hog which was slaughtered near Jersey Shore Monday. The hog was owned by Daniel Brown, who is unable to account for the presence of the ring within the hog, other than that the animal picked it up while roaming in a woods where scores of picnics were held during the past summer.

Farmers' Institute.

Read the announcement of farmers' institutes under the auspices of the County Grange. The speakers for the south side of the county are Mortimer Whitehead, of New Jersey, and W. F. Hill, Master of State Grange. Speakers for the north side of the county, W. B. Packard, of Bradford county, and Miss Helen Johnson, of Erie county.

The Riley Hunting Party.

The Riley hunting party, formerly the Bucktails, of Boalsburg, killed five instead of four deer, Calvin Riley's good shot not being mentioned in the Reporter's report of last week. The hunting party consists of Messrs. Calvin and Thomas Riley, John Fisher, Oscar Stover, Homer Barr, Darius Waite, John Waite, Charles Fisher and Edward Riley.

Cora A. Keim, a young lady of refinement and prominence, entered a suit of breach of promise against Prof. I. Harvey Brumbaugh, acting president of the Juniata College. Prof. Brumbaugh was married a few days ago.

REV. W. W. RHOADS

Is the Maker of High Class Violins.—A Cane of 500 Pieces.

Few of the Reporter readers are aware of the fact that in Centre Hall lives the maker of the finest of stringed instruments, in the person of Rev. W. W. Rhoads, of the United Evangelical church. He has at present three violins completed, except the varnishing. One was made from California fir; one out of Washington fir, and the third out of Pennsylvania hemlock.

During the past year he has made five violins, two guitars and a cane and has another violin and cane partly finished. One of the violins was sold for fifty dollars and another for forty dollars. The latter was purchased by G. W. Ocker, for his daughter, Estie.

One of the canes was made from a piece of wood taken from the Charran, an American vessel that was sunk during the Revolutionary war. The wood was presented to him by Dr. Mensch, formerly of Hartleton, but now practicing at Jersey Shore, who was present when the vessel was raised, and secured a piece of wood large enough to make two canes. This cane is inlaid with five hundred different pieces of wood; olive wood, from the Mount of Olives, and Sandal wood from Palestine; wood from Africa, Brazil, and from other countries, which were secured through missionaries.

Besides being a skilled maker of instruments, Rev. Rhoads is also an expert in bringing music out of his instruments, being able to play almost any kind of musical instrument.

ENLARGING BUSINESS.

The Centre Hall Foundry and Machine Shops Will Increase Output.

The new owners of the Centre Hall foundry and machine shops, Messrs. W. O. Rearick and Edward Sellers, will shortly begin the building of the famous Centre Hall corn planters which have a reputation for excellency in many respects. It is the purpose of these gentlemen to build twice as many planters this winter as were built last, and make an effort to push the sale of the same in many localities heretofore untouched by that piece of machinery. The firm has also under consideration the advisability of building a double planter.

Besides the cornplanters referred to the Centre Hall foundry will turn out a number of farm machines which will keep all present hands employed and necessitate the addition of others. The retail trade, which heretofore was of no small account, may be entirely abandoned, except the wares manufactured by them.

FATAL HUNTING ACCIDENT.

Philipsburg Young Man Killed by Accidental Discharge of a Gun.

Charles Prichard, who with his brother Joe are engaged in the livery business at Philipsburg was instantly killed by the accidental discharge of a gun. Mr. Prichard and several others were out hunting and on their way home took their guns from the rear of a moving wagon and while in the act of doing so the trigger of one of the guns struck the wagon bed, discharging the weapon. The shot entered the mouth and penetrated the brain. His age was about thirty years.

MASONS WILL BANQUET.

Members of the Order Will Feast in Grange Arcadia, Dec. 21.

Members of the Old Fort Masonic Lodge will hold a banquet in Grange Arcadia, December 21. Supper will be served at nine o'clock. Previous to the feast the installation of officers will take place at the Masonic Hall in the Bank building.

Baptized Elizabeths.

Rev. A. A. Black at his last Sunday services baptized three Elizabeths. The first, Margaret Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Snyder. This child had witnesses for this ceremony three generations—father and mother, grandfather and grandmother and both great-grand parents.

Hazel Elizabeth was the second Elizabeth, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lucas, and the third, Mary Elizabeth, was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Newton Yarnell. Frederick Emanuel, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wagner, was also baptized. It is noticed that these good parents selected the good old-fashioned names—names honored and revered many times.

Census Reports.

The population of several nearby towns are appended:

Bellefonte	4,216
Clearfield	3,896
Huntingdon	6,053
Lewisburg	3,457
Lewistown	4,451
Lock Haven	7,210
Milton	6,175
Philipsburg	3,266
Sunbury	9,810

J. D. Orndorf Mercantile Appraiser.

J. D. Orndorf, of Woodward, was appointed mercantile appraiser for Centre county by the county board of Commissioners. There were twenty-eight or thirty applicants for the place. The appointment was made unanimous.

The Centre Reporter one dollar.

A touch of Good Taste and Good Style.

Smoking Jackets,
Bath Robes,
Pajamas,
Night Robes,
Suit Cases,
Traveling Bags,
Trunks,
Canes,
Umbrellas,
Sweaters,
Shirts,
Neckties,
Mufflers,
Hosiery,
Handkerchiefs,
Suspenders,
Gloves.

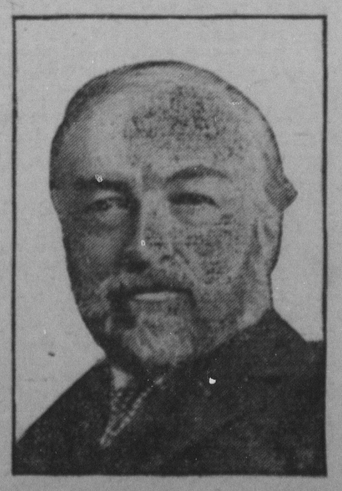
Yours for Business,
Sim, The Clothier.
Reynold's Bank B'ld'g. - - - - Allegheny St.

Wings Needed to Fly.

Flying machines, which are at the present time attracting universal attention, are divided by scientific men into two great and widely differing classes—dirigible balloons and airships proper. One of the former may be roughly described as a huge body, which, being very light, floats in the air, is driven by the wind and is capable of being steered. The leading example of this class of airship is the Von Zeppelin balloon, recently tried successfully in Europe. It is believed by scientists generally, however, that the true solution of the problem of aerial navigation lies in an airship provided with wings and modeled after some bird. Such a machine will be able to rise from the earth, sustain itself in the air and actually fly, independently of the wind and by means of self contained power.

The two scientists who are leading the van in aerial research are Hiram Maxim, the gun inventor, and Professor Samuel Pierpont Langley, director of the Smithsonian institution at Washington, both Americans. Professor Langley has invented and constructed an airship which he calls an aerodrome and which has actually flown. It only awaits further research and experimentation before being given to the public.

Had Professor Langley never taken up the problem of aerial navigation



From a recent photo.
PROFESSOR S. P. LANGLEY.

his fame would still be secure, for he is probably the leading astronomer and physicist of America. He is 66 years of age and has been secretary and director of the Smithsonian institution since 1887. Professor Langley was born in Massachusetts and was graduated from the Boston Latin school. Since then his life has been devoted to science, and his success has been notable.

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

On account of the Centennial Celebration of the establishment of the seat of government of the United States in the District of Columbia, to be held at Washington, D. C., December 12, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell round-trip tickets to Washington from all points on its line at rate of single fare for the round trip. Tickets will be sold and good going December 11, and will be good returning until December 14, inclusive.

Struck Natural Gas.

Natural gas has been struck in the well which is being drilled at Cedar Run on Pine creek. Gas was struck at a depth of over 1200 feet. It will be some time before it is known whether the flow of gas is from a pocket or weather a big reservoir has been tapped. The well is 9 miles from the Gallagher township well and 26 miles in a direct line from Lock Haven.

Christmas Photos at Smiths.

Now is the time to sit for them. It takes from two to four weeks to get them out, so please do not wait and run the risk of being disappointed. All the new styles at Smith's gallery. At Centre Hall Friday of each week.

W. W. SMITH,
Photographer

Is Your Linen Clean?

Once accustomed to wearing steam laundered shirts, cuffs and collars, you can not be persuaded again that home laundering is "good enough." Wm. McCoy Wolf will prove this to you if you give him the opportunity.

Winter Schedule.

The winter schedule went into effect on the Pennsylvania railroad Monday. Changes in the time table published elsewhere in the Reporter were made accordingly. There is no change in the time on the L. & T.

The Best Plaster.

A piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound to the affected parts is superior to any plaster. When troubled with lame back or pains in the side or chest, give it a trial and you are certain to be more than pleased with the prompt relief which it affords. Pain Balm also cures rheumatism. One application gives relief. For sale by Mrs. J. W. Keller, Linden Hall; J. F. Smith, Centre Hall.

Thos. Balleu, colored, was arrested in Philipsburg suspected of being the thief who entered the house of Mrs. Michael Murphy at Julian on 25th ult. and stole money, jewelry and valuable papers.

Public Sale Register.

E. C. Nearhood—Dec. 8, at Centre Hall; household goods, truck wagon, buggy, harness, etc.

John F. Breon—March 21, Spring Mills; farm stock, implements, etc.

DEC. 21, at Centre Hall, 2 p. m., a tract of wood land containing 10 acres.—George M. Boal, executor of Margaret and Nancy Sparr.

FARM HAND.—Married man, excellent recommendations, wants a place on a farm. Able and willing to do all kinds of work. Inquire at this office.

Free Ad. Column.

FOR SALE:—

Centre Hall horse power for sale cheap.—A. C. Alexander, Centre Hill.

Good bay horse 10 years old, weighs about 1200 lbs.; works single or double.—D. A. Ertle, Penn Hall, Pa.

Fine bay mare can be bought very reasonable.—C. P. Long, Spring Mills.

TWO English Berkshire sows.—J. E. RISHEL, Farmers Mills, Pa.

REPAIRING old Wheels costs more than new ones when you can buy 4 **Buggy Wheels** with Tire on and Boxes set for $7.25. I make all sizes and grades with Steel or Rubber Tire, ¾ to 4 in. Tread. Rubber Tire Buggies from $65 to $95. Call at factory or write for catalogue. I manufacture and handle a full line of Carriage and Wagon Hardware. Also Bicycle goods, Nails, Plumber's supplies, Dynamite, etc. W. W. BOOB, Centre Hall, Pa.

The Star!

GEO. O. BENNER, . . . Prop.

ESTABLISHED 1889.

WANTED.—Apples, Potatoes, Onions, Walnuts, Shellbarks, Butter, Eggs.

Some of our prices:

Oil per gal	09
Coffee, 2 lbs	25
8 in. Mill File	3 for 25
Cobbler's Outfit	43
14 in. Horse Rasp	30
Banner Lye	10
Men's Dress Shoe	1 25
Gun Powder, per lb	25
25 Good Envelopes	03
Good Parlor Matches, per doz. boxes	12
1 Quire Note Paper	05
Golden Rod Flour, per 50 lb. sack	1 00
Lemons, per doz	15

Because of our expenses being comparatively nothing are we able to offer such prices. Holiday Goods are now being placed and will do well to see our line before making purchases.

THE STAR

Subscribe for the REPORTER, $1.00 per